

# A Fine Frenzy, New Heights

You are a thunderous thing, wondrous king  
The face of rival-less gods, deep in your thoughts  
Come here, oh, closer to touch, never enough  
Let me climb under your skin, oh let me in  
From your lips a precipice  
I hang from every word  
Height and seeking  
Oh we are reaching  
New heights and seeking  
How to keep them high  
The calm of turbulent seas, fallen to sleep  
And when the troubles arise, we hold on tight  
How can a body contain something so great  
My shell may suddenly burst out will come birds  
From your, lips a precipice  
I hang on every word  
Height and seeking  
Oh we are reaching  
New heights and seeking  
How to keep them high  
We will find a way (repeats)  
And we are high and seeking,  
Oh we are reaching  
New heights and seeking  
How to keep them high (etc.)